

WARREN M. CROSBY & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO WIGGIN, CROSBY & CO.

GREAT SPECIAL SALE LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR!

Consisting of well-made, handsomely-trimmed Garments—at prices lower than were ever made in the city—and as there were some very low prices before this sale—you know what to expect.



LADIES' NIGHT ROBES—

Made up in splendid style—trimmed neck and sleeves with Torchon Lace or Ruffle.

SKIRTS—

In heavy cotton—trimmed with 5-in. Ruffle.

DRAWERS—

Neatly tucked, trimmed with Lace, Hamburg Edge or Hemstitched.

CHEMISE—

Lace and Embroidery Trimmed

CORSET COVERS—

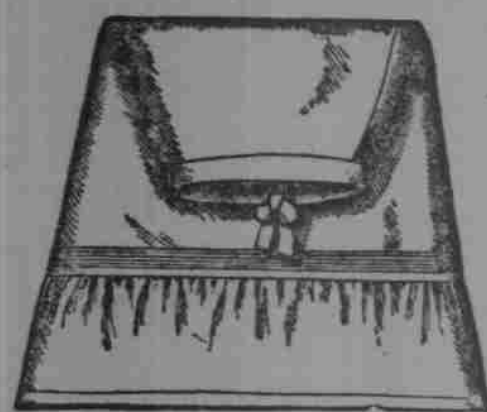
Several pretty designs (V backs), trimmed with Embroidery.

CHILDREN'S DRAWERS—

Embroidery trimmed—heavy cotton.

INFANT'S SLIPS—

Nicely made—The ENTIRE line—some of the garments as good as any usually sold at 50c each, will be sold at 25c each.



OUR 50-CENT LINE—

Includes the best and handsomest Underwear ever shown at the price. For instance: A Ladies' Night Robe, of elegant make and beautifully trimmed, equal any usually sold at 75c and 88c. The same can be said of the CORSET COVERS and Skirts, with Ruffle and Lace Trimmings—of the Chemise and Drawers—making the greatest Bargain line ever shown in the city.

In finer goods we are making exceptional offers in Ladies' Night Robes at 75c, \$1.00, and \$1.25 each.

Just opened: Elegant line Ladies Chatelaine and Shopping Bags, from 35c and up.

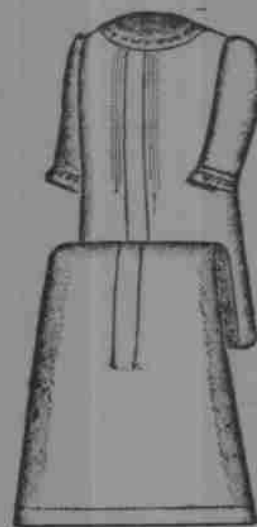
SPECIAL LINE—

Fine Combination Pocket Books—Plain or Sterling Silver Trimmed.

Showing a splendid Purse at 25c each.

Elegant Quality Combination Pocket Book 50c each.

Chatelaine Bags from 35c up. Ladies' Fine Leather Shopping Bags \$1.00 to \$2.50 each.



CHILDREN'S WAISTS and PANTLETS 15c and 19c. CHILDREN'S DRESSES and SLIPS AT VERY LOW PRICES.

THE STATE JOURNAL.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY.
DELIVERED BY CARRIER, 10 CENTS A WEEK.
TO ANY PART OF TOPEKA, OR SUBURBS, OR AT THE SAME PRICE IN ANY KANSAS TOWN WHERE THIS PAPER HAS A CARRIER SYSTEM.
BY MAIL, THREE MONTHS, \$2.50.
BY MAIL, ONE YEAR, \$8.00.
BY MAIL, PER YEAR, \$8.00.

Address, STATE JOURNAL,
Topeka, Kansas.

THE FIRST PAPER IN KANSAS TO SECURE the leased wire service of the Associated Press, and to publish the full day service of this great organization for the collection of news. A telegraph operator in the State Journal office is stationed for the sole purpose of taking this report, which comes continuously from 7:30 a. m. till 4:30 p. m. (with bulletins of important news up to 4 p. m.) over a wire running into this office and used only for the day Associated Press business between the hours above named.

THE STATE JOURNAL is the only paper in Kansas receiving the Full Day Associated Press Report.

THE STATE JOURNAL has a regular average daily loss circulation in Topeka of more than all other Capital City Dailies Combined, and double that of its principal competitor—a very creditable morning newspaper.

Member of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

THE STATE JOURNAL Press Room is equipped with a Lightning Web Perforating Printing Press—the latest and fastest piece of printing machinery in the state.

Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Friday: For Kansas—Fair; northerly winds; becoming variable; warmer in northern portion Friday morning.

If traffic is stopped now are the Coxeyites going to get to Washington?

The sugar trust people will now turn their attention to the house of representatives.

Four months and one day is the time it took the senate to disfigure the Wilson bill beyond all recognition.

The Fifth of July ought to be set apart as Thanksgiving day—there won't be another Fourth for a whole year.

There is one pleasant leveling feature about the tie-up of traffic, it makes all men equally able to take a vacation.

The Arkansas Brookbridge has been turned down and the public is anxiously waiting for similar news from Kentucky.

The betting is 35 to 25 in Coxey's favor in the race for congress and the bookmakers are thinking of raising the odds.

Whether the effects of the tariff bill be good or bad the Populist party feels safe, two senators voted for and two against.

The jury in the Prendergast case which found him not a lunatic should not go uncommended in this year of uncommendable things.

Tax intermittent explosions of fire

crackers that punctuate the fifth of July are only exceeded in annoyance by the noises on the fourth.

So sure as there is a strike of any wide extent there is bound to be violence, and so sure as there is violence will the strikers lose sympathy.

Santo says he feels no regret for his murder of Carnot. Certainly not, he wouldn't be an anarchist if he did, he would be a human being.

The general opinion of the people in regard to the strike is that if Pullman could be made to suffer for the whole thing, they wouldn't care.

The lone woman suffragist in the Democratic convention must have felt about as lonesome as a Democrat in the next congress, and stood about the same show.

Not the least annoying feature of the strike is that it seems to be an excuse for every governor and public officer in the country to write interminable letters for publication.

Mr. Hill it is said "dealt sledge hammer blows" in the senate just before the tariff bill passed. If Hill were a Kansas Republican it would mean his sure turning down.

That little book entitled "What Congress has Done" which was so popular for a while might now be run through a second edition under the title "What the Republican State Central Committee has Done."

If it took the senate four months and one day to make up a mass of blunders and deals called a tariff bill, how long would it take the house to correct them, even if it were able and wanted to, is the unpromising question that confronts a wearied public.

The indorsement of Cleveland's actions as a wise and patriotic and the favoring free coinage of silver by the Democratic state convention are about as consistent with each other as a profession of Christianity and the studied disregard of the Decalogue.

Six years ago the 15th of next September, Benjamin Harrison, at Indianapolis, gave utterance to the following remarkable sentiment: "I do not believe that a republic can live and prosper whose wage-earners do not receive enough to make life comfortable; who do not have some upward avenue of hope before them. When the wage-earners of this land lose hope, when the star goes out—after that, anarchy or a czar!"

Yellow, Dried Up and Wrinkled. Is this the way your face looks? If so, try Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker. It not only purifies the blood, but renews it, and gives your face a bright youthful appearance. Sold and warranted by W. H. Kennedy, 4th and Kaa Ave.

No Griping, no Nausea, no Pain, when De Witt's Little Early Rises are taken. Small Pill. Best Pill. Best Pill. J. K. Jones.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Items of Interest About Topeka People and Visitors in Town.

The young people who were to have picnicked at T. E. Bowman's farm yesterday, changed their plans to suit the weather, and met in the evening at the home of Misses Henrietta and Mary Thompson. They danced and celebrated with a gorgeous display of fireworks, altogether making the best of circumstances which bid fair to spoil the entire day's pleasure. In the party were Misses Celia Hayden, of Columbus, O., Marie Price of Omaha, Agnes Lee of Kansas City, Mattie Eddy of Galveston, Ill., Marguerite Bradley, Nellie McClintock, Edith Campbell, Julia Street, Laura Weddell, Caro Penfield, Florence Greer, and Rosamond Horton. Messrs. Ned Osborn, Harry Weaver, C. M. Merriam, Julius Weddell, Will Alexander, Fred Bonebrake, George Penfield, Guy Lee and Leslie Wallace of Kansas City, Homer Bowman, Dana McVicar, Ed Dennis, Charles Holman, and F. G. Wear.

Misses Nellie McClintock, Henrietta and Mary Thompson, Caro Penfield, Willa Rodgers, Edith Campbell, Agnes Lee of Kansas City, and Messrs. Will Alexander, Harry Weaver, Fred Bonebrake, Ned Osborn, Ed Dennis, and Geo. Penfield spent Tuesday evening informally at the home of Mrs. A. H. Thompson.

Nearly all of the picnicking parties carried out their plans yesterday, although many waited until later than they had intended, and a few remained in town. The Congressional young people who were to have gone to Grantville, went to K. of P. hall with their lunch baskets and had their fireworks at Garfield park in the evening.

The Y. M. C. A. crowd went to Aiken's home west of the city, and the picnic gotten up by Messrs. Frank Merriek and Lewis Greenwood, went to Garfield park. Various circumstances combined to prevent Miss Edna Crane from having her rally-bo party.

The young people who were to have gone to Spencer spent the day at Tecumseh, and had a display of fireworks in the evening at the home of Miss Minnie Davis.

General Social Notes.

W. E. Timmons of the Chase County Courant, is in town today.

Mrs. Stone arrived today from Kansas City, to visit Mrs. C. W. Jewell.

Mrs. Margaret Jones of Virden, Ill., is visiting her niece, Mrs. J. T. Lagerstrom.

Miss Adela Luse, the well known education teacher formerly of this city now of Highland, is the guest of Mrs. W. A. McCarter and Mrs. Prof. Lovewell.

Miss Kate Riley came up today from Carbondale, to visit Miss Dora Sutherland.

Misses Hattie and Hester Hamilton, spent yesterday in Eskridge.

Miss Julia Tripp will entertain a few friends Saturday evening, for her cousin of Indiana.

Mrs. Hamilton and two daughters of Mason, Tex., are visiting Captain and Mrs. S. Gunther.

Miss Jessie Procter is ill at her home on Western avenue.

Mrs. Will Ward of Aspen, Colo., is visiting Mrs. J. S. Sprout.

Miss Rose Heatherly of Horton is the guest of Miss Agnes Walsh.

Mrs. W. A. McCarter will entertain the Boughton-Chandler and Alden-Holcomb wedding party at tea this evening.

A. McShane has gone to Texas.

The Y. P. B. C. of the Central Congregational church gave a social Tuesday evening at the home of Judge Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Markley of Carbonate spent yesterday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Myers of Ft. Scott were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Harris yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Palmer have returned from Ottawa. Mrs. Palmer attended the Chautauqua assembly while there and Mr. Palmer organized a council of the Knights and Ladies of Security.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bridgeport of Aledo, Ill., and Park Ashbaugh of Oaage City, have returned home after a pleasant visit with relatives here.

Lamont Gregg returned yesterday from Muncie, Ind., after being detained three days at Blue Island by the strike.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Collins, and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lange and daughter left today for Colorado and will spend three or four weeks in Denver and Manitou.

Miss Lulu Forsythe went to Kansas City today to spend the remainder of the week.

H. N. Badders, who is with the Graham Paper Co. of St. Louis, is spending this week with his parents. He rode one hundred miles of the way on his wheel.

WORD HISTORY.

Kreutzer was so called from the cross on the reverse.

Agates were first found in the bed of the river Achates.

Shawls were first made at a Persian town of that name.

Provocator was properly a cripple with distorted legs.

Azure, bazar, chess, lilac, sash, scarlet, turban and orange are Persian words.

Lawn is fine linen bleached on the lawn instead of the ordinary drying ground.

Vixen is a corruption of foxen, the female fox being noted for fierceness when fighting for her cubs.

Sierra means a saw, and its application to a range of pointed mountain peaks is very apt and poetical.

Bogus was the last name of Alexander H. Bogus, who many years ago perpetrated a celebrated swindle.

Petrels were so called from the habit of these birds of walking on the water.

In the minds of sailors they were thus associated with the Apostle Peter.

Pamphlets owe their name to Pamphela, a Greek lady, who left behind her a number of scrapbooks containing notes, recipes, anecdotes and memoranda.

Bombast was once the cotton plant; then the cotton padding or stuffing with which garments were filled out; then any padding or stuffing; lastly idle bragging.

Barbarian comes from a Latin word meaning a beard. The Romans shaved, the people of other nations allowed their beards to grow, and so were called barbarians or the bearded men.

Whigs were originally teamsters in Scotland, who used the term whiggam to encourage their horses. Opponents of the government in the restoration period were derided as favoring the Scotch covenanted, and hence were called Whiggams, afterward Whigs.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Shirts mended by the Peerless.

TURPIN AND HIS GUN.

The Famous Inventor Who Has Put All France in a Ferment.

One of the most interesting figures in France today is M. Eugene Turpin, the famous inventor whose claim that, owing to the ill treatment of the French war office, he had sold his new and terrible war engine to Germany, created a terrific sensation in France. Not many years ago Turpin invented the new explosive, melinite, and the

French war office treated him so abominably that he published a pamphlet which contained severe reflections upon government officials, and Turpin was imprisoned. The government, however, allowed Turpin to continue work upon his schemes, and the result of his prison labor was a mysterious engine of war that the inventor claimed would wipe out an entire army in 15 minutes and destroy such a city as Paris in an hour. Turpin was released and offered to give the machine to France if the government would remove from his character the stain inflicted by imprisonment and restore his cross of the Legion of Honor. The officials were hard hearted and refused. In a moment of anger Turpin went to Belgium and began negotiating for the sale of his invention to France's enemy, Germany.

When this rumor was published, France went wild, and there arose such a howl of execration at the war office that the government hurriedly asked Turpin to return to France. He is now there, and France is to enjoy the murderous benefits of his engine of destruction. There is still a haze of mystery surrounding the invention, but it is a monster cannon that works like machine guns of the maxim and gatling principle. The cannon is provided with an automatic loading apparatus and may be fired about once in three minutes. At each fire it discharges 25,000 shells, which will explode with terrific effect upon the enemy. By methodically turning the gun the line of fire forms an arc covering 19 kilometers and wiping out every living thing in its path. The gun, according to Turpin, is a veritable glut for ammunition and must always be accompanied by enough shells to load a railroad train of many cars. Whether the gun will do in practice what Turpin claims for it in theory remains to be seen.

Rudy's Pile Suppository is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to Martin Rudy, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists, and in Topeka by W. R. Kennedy, corner Fourth and Kansas avenue.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for Piles. J. K. Jones.

Shelby thought he meant it, and the frogs suffered.

The following is to take the place of the George Washington hatchet story. It is sent in with the assurance that it can be authenticated if Senator Cullum denies it.

When he was a young man, before he dreamed of listening to stories or looking like Lincoln, he was a farmer boy. One day in August, when the blistering heat was parching the crops, and even the dog fennel hung its head, young Cullum was on the porch of the farmhouse trying to keep cool and kill flies. The boss of the farm sat on the far end of the porch dozing. He was aroused by a passing neighbor, who called out to him that a drove of hogs had broken into the watermelon patch back of the barn. The watermelon crop was about all that was left. The old farmer had had some trouble with his hogs before, and his information aroused his religious nature and shattered it.

"Shelby!" he roared at the young man. "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply. "Take the shotgun and go down to that melon patch and shoot every d—d hog you find. I'm getting tired of flies. They have ruined everything on the farm, and now they are into the melon patch. Hurry up."

The young man moved away, and the old man resumed his seat and again fell asleep. The city reader probably needs to be informed that in the country, where there is no such thing as cold storage, the killing of a hog in August or at any time in hot weather is like throwing away money. In those days particularly there was no way of curing pork in summer.

An hour later young Shelby returned to the house, put up the gun and resumed his place on the porch. The old man, half asleep, opened one eye on him and asked in a lazy manner: "Well, kill 'em?" "Killed seven, and two got away," was the equally quick response.

"What!" exclaimed the old man, jumping from his chair and standing before young Shelby in a rage. "You don't mean to tell me that you killed seven of them hogs—my Poland Chinas—this time of year when they are useless? You young scoundrel!"

"Yes, sir," responded young Shelby, with a meek obedience that reminds one of the Washington hatchet story: "I did as you told me, sir; only I let two get away."

The old man looked at him as he would at a curiosity. His rage quieted, and he sat down on the floor of the porch and nursed his head for some time. After awhile he called out quietly:

"Shelby M."

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Come here. You say you killed seven of them shoats in the melon patch—seven—shot 'em—killed 'em dead?"

"Killed 'em dead," responded Shelby.

The old man looked at him, took off his big straw hat, fanned himself for a moment and then said, with some solemn deliberation:

"Well, Shelby M., I wish I may be d—d if you ain't the d—d—dest, most obedientest, d—d obliging farmhand that I ever had around. If you keep on mindin' this way, you'll be president some day."

"Thank you, sir," replied Shelby, who went in the house to hide his blushes. The old man looked after him and said to himself:

"I reckon he thinks I mean it. Still this is a—of a country for the— fool!"—Exchange.

LITERAL.

Shelby thought he meant it, and the frogs suffered.

The following is to take the place of the George Washington hatchet story. It is sent in with the assurance that it can be authenticated if Senator Cullum denies it.

When he was a young man, before he dreamed of listening to stories or looking like Lincoln, he was a farmer boy. One day in August, when the blistering heat was parching the crops, and even the dog fennel hung its head, young Cullum was on the porch of the farmhouse trying to keep cool and kill flies. The boss of the farm sat on the far end of the porch dozing. He was aroused by a passing neighbor, who called out to him that a drove of hogs had broken into the watermelon patch back of the barn. The watermelon crop was about all that was left. The old farmer had had some trouble with his hogs before, and his information aroused his religious nature and shattered it.

"Shelby!" he roared at the young man. "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply. "Take the shotgun and go down to that melon patch and shoot every d—d hog you find. I'm getting tired of flies. They have ruined everything on the farm, and now they are into the melon patch. Hurry up."

The young man moved away, and the old man resumed his seat and again fell asleep. The city reader probably needs to be informed that in the country, where there is no such thing as cold storage, the killing of a hog in August or at any time in hot weather is like throwing away money. In those days particularly there was no way of curing pork in summer.

An hour later young Shelby returned to the house, put up the gun and resumed his place on the porch. The old man, half asleep, opened one eye on him and asked in a lazy manner:

"Well, kill 'em?"

"Killed seven, and two got away," was the equally quick response.

"What!" exclaimed the old man, jumping from his chair and standing before young Shelby in a rage. "You don't mean to tell me that you killed seven of them hogs—my Poland Chinas—this time of year when they are useless? You young scoundrel!"

"Yes, sir," responded young Shelby, with a meek obedience that reminds one of the Washington hatchet story: "I did as you told me, sir; only I let two get away."

The old man looked at him as he would at a curiosity. His rage quieted, and he sat down on the floor of the porch and nursed his head for some time. After awhile he called out quietly:

"Shelby M."

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Come here. You say you killed seven of them shoats in the melon patch—seven—shot 'em—killed 'em dead?"

"Killed 'em dead," responded Shelby.

The old man looked at him, took off his big straw hat, fanned himself for a moment and then said, with some solemn deliberation:

"Well, Shelby M., I wish I may be d—d if you ain't the d—d—dest, most obedientest, d—d obliging farmhand that I ever had around. If you keep on mindin' this way, you'll be president some day."

"Thank you, sir," replied Shelby, who went in the house to hide his blushes. The old man looked after him and said to himself:

"I reckon he thinks I mean it. Still this is a—of a country for the— fool!"—Exchange.

Aabury Park, New Jersey, and Return.

TICKETS SOLD JULY 5-6-7.

The Santa Fe has arranged to extend the time limit on their round trip tickets to Ashbury Park until September 1st. Go by one route and return by another east of Chicago if you wish. See Rowley Bros. for particulars.